

Enter Volunna and Virgilia, mother and wife to Martius:
They set them downe on two lowe stools and sowe.

Volun. I pray you daughter sing, or expresse your selfe in a more comfortable sort: If my Sonne were my Husband, I should freelier reioyce in that absence wherein he wonne Honor, then in the embracements of his Bed, where he would shew most loue. When yet hee was but tender-bodied, and the onely Sonne of my womb; when youth with comelinesse pluck'd all gaze his way; when for a day of Kings entreaties, a Mother should not sel him an houre from her beholding; I considering how Honour would become such a person, that it was no better then Picture-like to hang by th' wall, if renowne made it not stirre, was pleas'd to let him seeke danger, where he was like to finde fame: To a cruell Warre I sent him, from whence he return'd, his browes bound with Oake. I tell thee Daughter, I sprang not more in ioy at first hearing he was a Man-child, then now in first seeing he had proued himselfe a man.

Virg. But had he died in the Businesse Madame, how then?

Volun. Then his good report should haue bene my Sonne, I therein would haue found issue. Heare me professe sincerely, had I a dozen sons each in my loue alike, and none lesse deere then thine, and my good Martius, I had rather had eleuen dye Nobly for their Countrey, then one voluptuously surfeit out of Action.

Enter a Gentlewoman.

Gent. Madam, the Lady Valeria is come to visit you.

Virg. Beseech you giue me leaue to retire my selfe.

Volun. Indeed you shall not:

Me thinks, I heare hither your Husbands Drumme: See him plucke *Aufidius* downe by th' haire: (As children from a Beare) the *Volces* shunning him: Me thinks I see him stampe thus, and call thus, Come on you Cowards, you were got in feare Though you were borne in Rome; his bloody brow With his mail'd hand, then wiping, forth he goes Like to a Haruest man, that task'd to mowe Or all, or loose his hyre.

Virg. His bloody Brow? Oh Iupiter, no blood.

Volun. Away you Foole; it more becomes a man

Then gilt his Trophe. The breits of *Hecuba*

When she did suckle *Hector*, look'd not louelier

Then *Hectors* forehead, when it spit forth blood

At Grecian sword. Contemning, tell *Valeria*

We are fit to bid her welcome.

Exit *Gent.*

Vir. Heauens blesse my Lord from fell *Aufidius*.

Vol. Hee'll beat *Aufidius* head below his knee, And treade vpon his necke.

Enter *Valeria* with an *Vsher*, and a Gentlewoman.

Val. My Ladies both good day to you;

Vol. Sweet Madam.

Vir. I am glad to see your Ladyship.

Val. How do you both? You are manifest house-keepers. What are you sowing heere? A fine spotte in good faith. How does your little Sonne?

Vir. I thanke your Ladyship: Well good Madam.

Vol. He had rather see the swords, and heare a Drum, then looke vpon his Schoolmaster.

Val. A my word the Fathers Sonne: He sweare 'tis a very pretty boy. A my troth, I look'd vpon him a Wednesday halfe an houre together: ha's such a confirm'd coun-

tenance. I saw him run after a gilded Butterfly, & when he caught it, he let it go againe, and after it againe, and ouer and ouer he comes, and vp againe: catcht it againe: or whether his fall enrag'd him, or how 'twas, hee did so set his teeth, and teare it. Oh, I warrant how he mammockt it.

Vol. One on's Fathers moods.

Val. Indeed la, tis a Noble childe.

Virg. A Cracke Madam.

Val. Come, lay aside your stichery, I must haue you play the idle Hufwife with me this afternoone.

Virg. No (good Madam)

I will not out of doores:

Val. Not out of doores?

Volun. She shall the shall.

Virg. Indeed no, by your patience; He not ouer the

threshold, till my Lord returne from the Warres.

Val. Fye, you confine your selfe most vnreasonably:

Come, you must go visit the good Lady that lies in.

Virg. I will wish her speedy strength, and visit her

with my prayers: but I cannot go thither.

Volun. Why I pray you.

Virg. 'Tis not to saue labour, nor that I want loue.

Val. You would be another *Penelope*: yet they say, all the yeaerne she spun in *Vlisses* absence, did but fill *Athica* full of Mothes. Come, I would your Cambrick were sensible as your finger, that you might leaue pricking it for pittie. Come you shall go with vs.

Vir. No good Madam, pardon me, indeed I will not forth.

Val. In truth la go with me, and He tell you excellent newes of your Husband.

Virg. Oh good Madam, there can be none yet.

Val. Verily I do not iest with you: there came newes from him last night.

Vir. Indeed Madam.

Val. In earnest it's true; I heard a Senatour speake it. Thus it is: the *Volces* haue an Army forth, against who *Cominius* the Generall is gone, with one part of our Roman power. Your Lord, and *Titus Lartius*, are set down before their Citie *Corioles*, they nothing doubt preuailling, and to make it breefe Warres. This is true on mine Honor, and so I pray go with vs.

Virg. Giue me excuse good Madame, I will obey you in euery thing hereafter.

Val. Let her alone Ladie, as she is now:

She will but diseafe our better mirth.

Valeria. In troth I thinke she would:

Fare you well then. Come good sweet Ladie.

Prythee *Virgilia* turne thy solemneste out a doore,

And go along with vs.

Virg. No

At a word Madam; Indeed I must not,

I wish you much mirth.

Val. Well, then farewell.

Exeunt Ladies

Enter *Martius*, *Titus Lartius*, with Drummes and Colours, with Captaines and Souldiers, as before the City *Corioles*: to them a Messenger.

Martius. Yonder comes Newes:

A Wager they haue met.

Lar. My horse to yours, no.

Mar. 'Tis done.

Lar. Agreed.

Mar.

Mar. Say, ha's our Generall met the Enemy?

Mess. They lye in view, but haue not spoke as yet.

Lar. So, the good Horse is mine.

Mar. He buy him of you.

Lar. No, He nor sel, nor giue him: Lend you him I will

For halfe a hundred yeares: Summon the Towne.

Mar. How farre off lie these Armies?

Mess. Within this mile and halfe.

Mar. Then shall we heare their Larum, & they Ours.

Now Mars, I prythee make vs quicke in worke,

That we with smoaking swords may march from hence

To helpe our fielded Friends: Come, blow thy blast.

They sound a Parley: Enter two Senators with others on the Walles of *Corioles*.

Tullus Aufidius, is he within your Walles?

1. Senat. No, nor a man that feares you lesse then he,

That's lesse then a little: Drum a farre off.

Heare, our Drummes

Are bringing forth our youth: Wee'l breake our Walles

Rather then they shall pound vs vp our Gates,

Which yet seeme shut, we haue but pin'd with Rushes,

They'll open of themselves. Harke you, farre off

There is *Aufidius*. Lift what worke he makes

Amongst your clouen Army.

Mar. Oh they are at it.

Lar. Their noise be our instruction, Ladders ho.

Enter the Army of the *Volces*.

Mar. They feare vs not, but issue forth their Citie.

Now put your Shields before your hearts, and fight

With hearts more prooue then Shields.

Aduaunce braue *Titus*,

They do disdain vs much beyond our Thoughts,

which makes me sweat with wrath. Come on my fellows

He that retires, He take him for a *Volce*,

And he shall feele mine edge.

Alarum, the Romans are beat back to their Trenches

Enter *Martius* fighting.

Mar. All the contagion of the South, light on you,

You Shames of Rome: you Heard of Byles and Plagues

Plaster you o're, that you may be abhor'd

Farther then scene, and one infect another

Against the Winde a mile: you soules of Geese,

That beare the shapen of men, how haue you run

From Slaues, that Apes would beate; Pluto and Hell,

All hurt behinde, backes red, and faces pale

With flight and agued feare, mend and charge home,

Or by the fires of heauen, He leaue the Foe,

And make my Warres on you: Looke too't: Come on,

If you'll stand fast, wee'll beate them to their Wiues,

As they vs to our Trenches followes.

Another *Alarum*, and *Martius* followes them to gates, and is shut in.

So, now the gates are ope: now proue good Seconds,

'Tis for the followers Fortune, widens them,

Nor for the flyers: Marke me, and do the like.

Enter the *Gati*.

1. Sol. Foole-hardinesse, not I.

2. Sol. Nor I.

1. Sol. See they haue shut him in. *Alarum continues*

All. To th' pot I warrant him. Enter *Titus Lartius*

Tit. What is become of *Martius*?

Al. Slaine (Sir) doubtlesse.

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